



# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

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MAR  
© 02459

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY





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PRESENTS

# THE SECOND SECRET

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ROOM



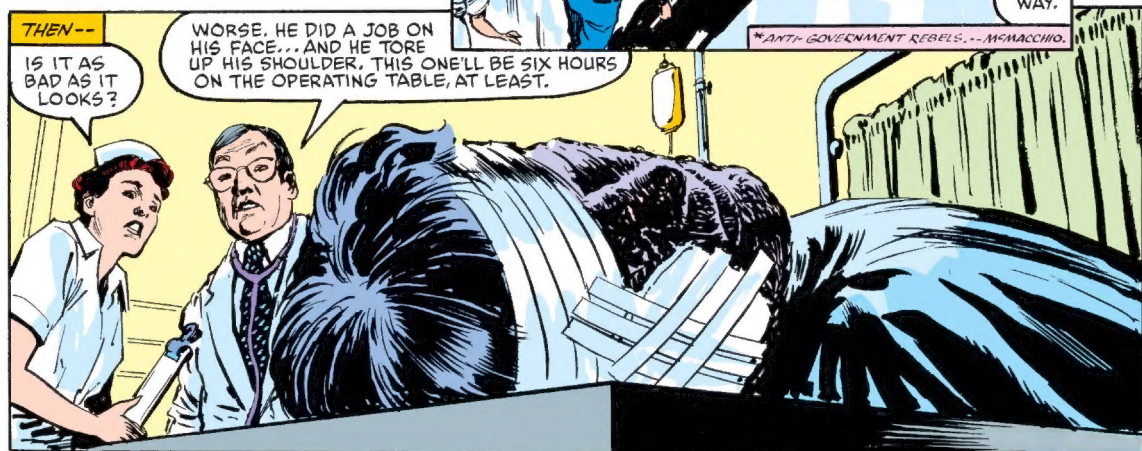
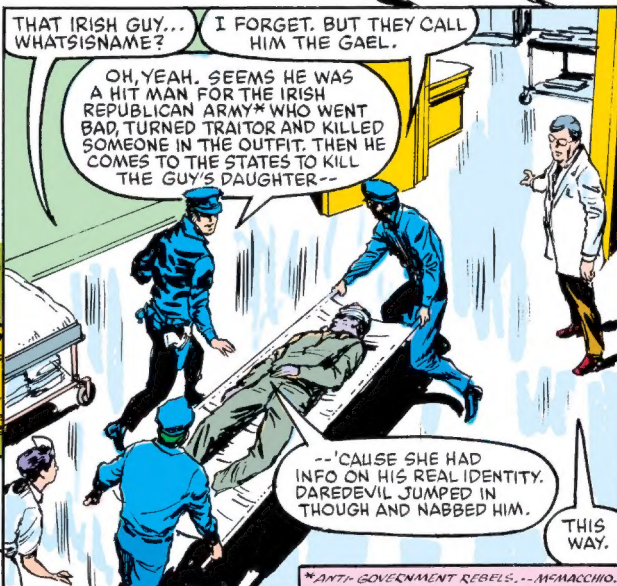
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO HIM?

HE WAS WORKIN' IN  
THE LAUNDRY AND HE  
PUT HIS HEAD IN A  
PRESSING MACHINE.

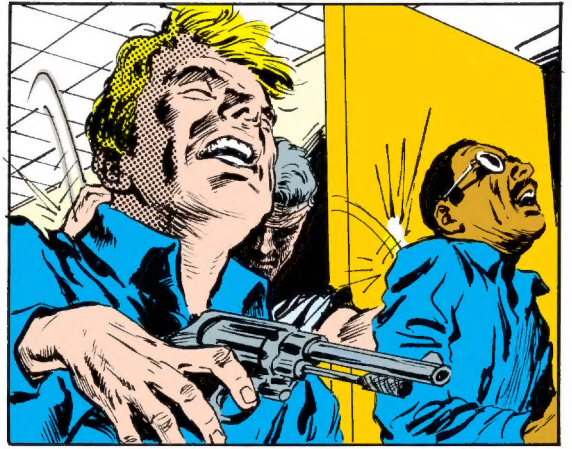
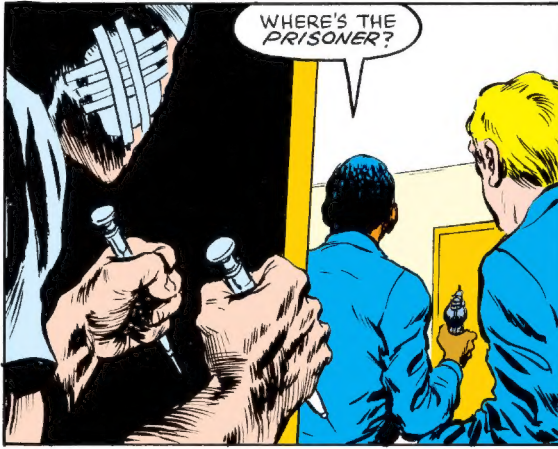
MADE A  
REAL MESS  
OF HIMSELF.

YOU AIN'T  
KIDDING!

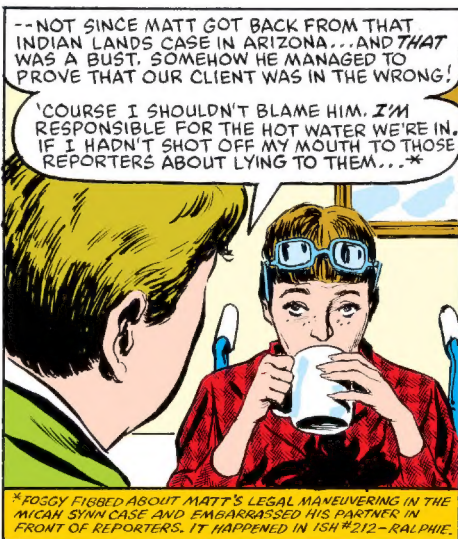
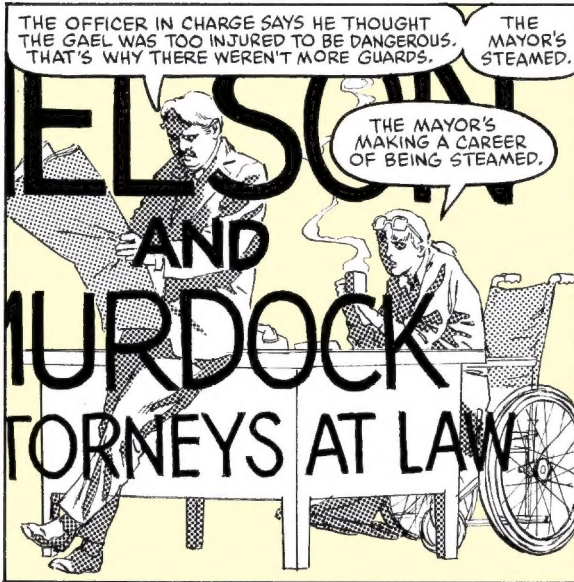
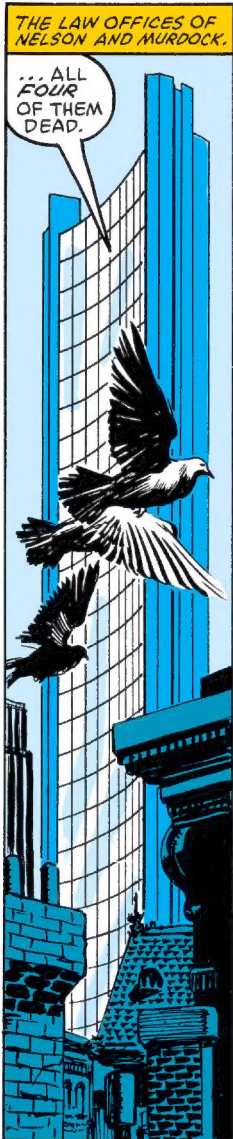












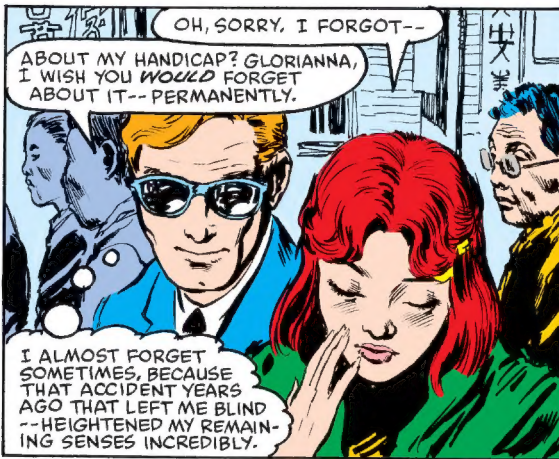
\*FOGGY FIBBED ABOUT MATT'S LEGAL MANEUVERING IN THE MICAH SYNTH CASE AND EMBARRASSED HIS PARTNER IN FRONT OF REPORTERS. IT HAPPENED IN ISH #212--RALPHIE.



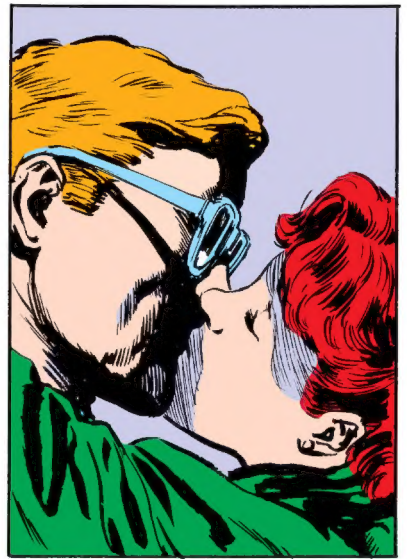
\*RULER OF THE AFRICAN KINGORGE TRIBE WHO CAUSED ENDLESS PROBLEMS IN AMERICA FOR DAREDEVIL. - R. M.



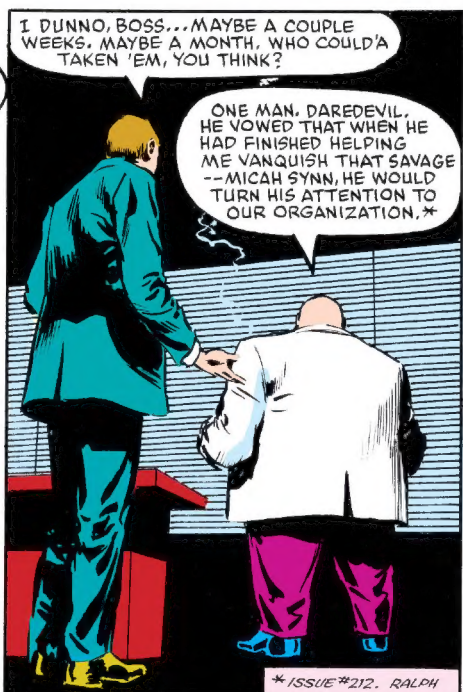
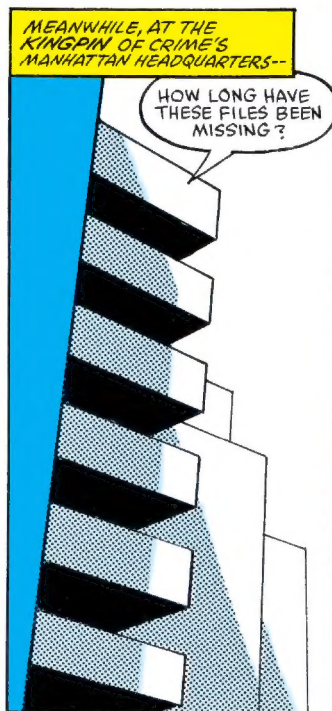
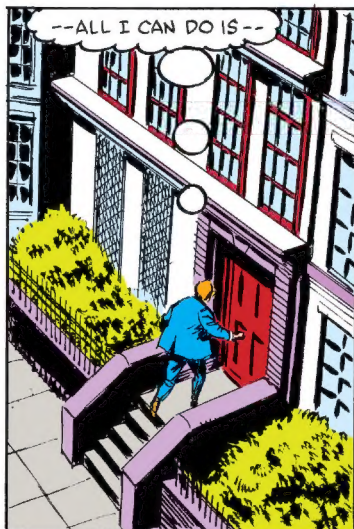
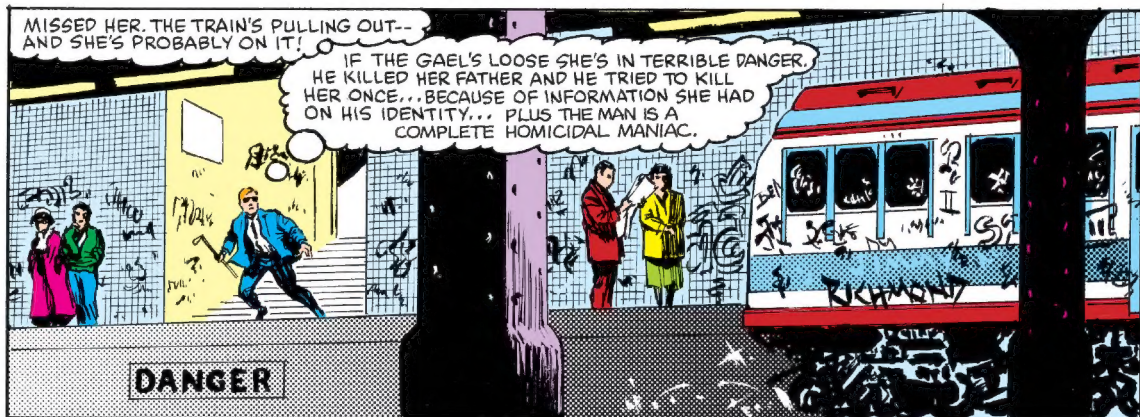




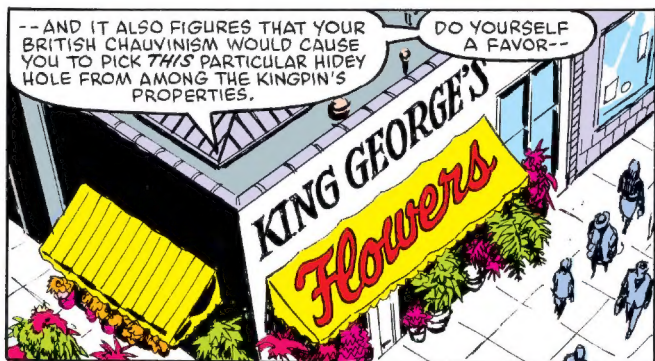
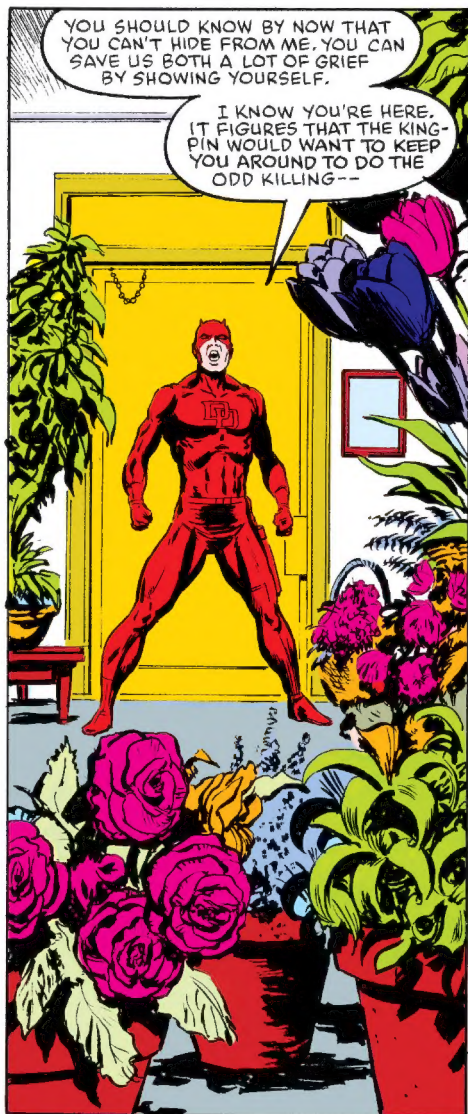




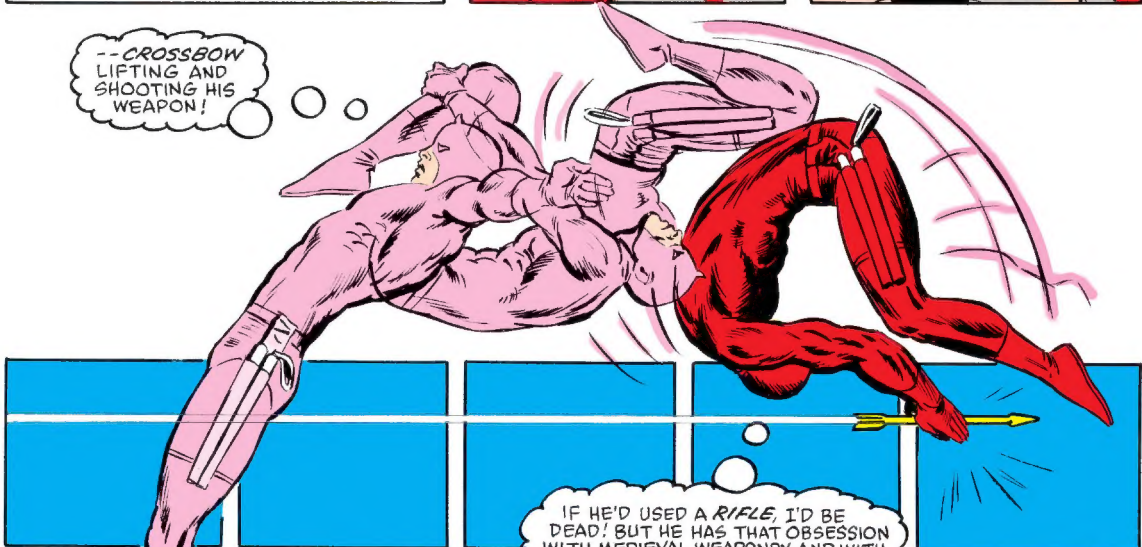
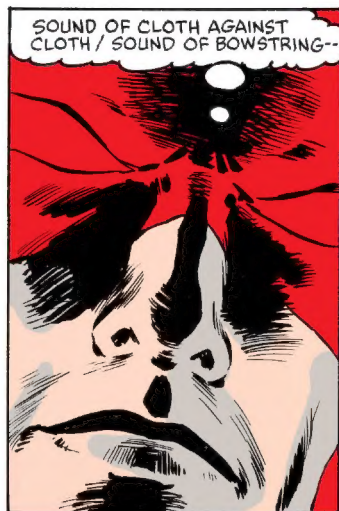




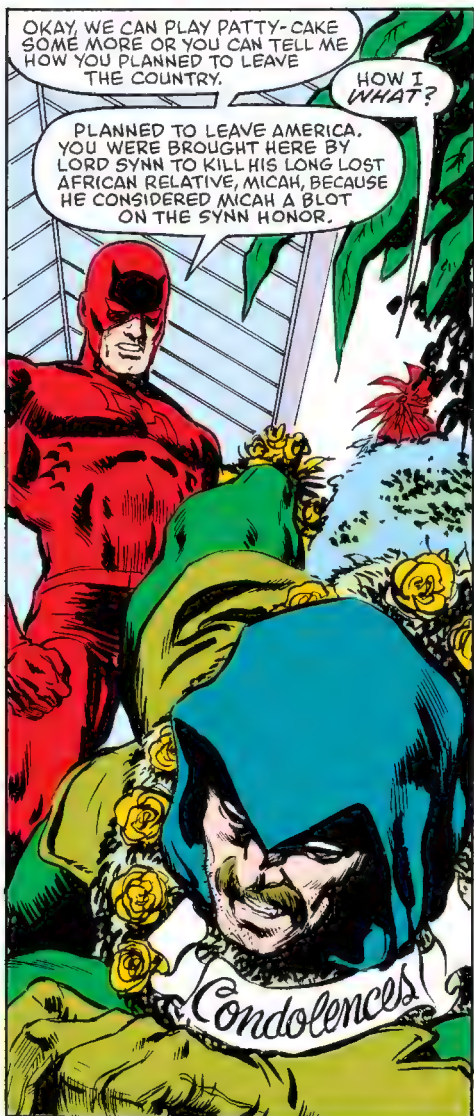












OKAY, WE CAN PLAY PATTY-CAKE SOME MORE OR YOU CAN TELL ME HOW YOU PLANNED TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

HOW I WHAT?

PLANNED TO LEAVE AMERICA. YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE BY LORD SYNN TO KILL HIS LONG LOST AFRICAN RELATIVE, MICAH, BECAUSE HE CONSIDERED MICAH A BLOT ON THE SYNN HONOR.



EVEN THOUGH YOU FAILED, YOU MUST HAVE HAD A WAY OUT FOR AFTER YOU'D DONE THE JOB. IT PROBABLY WASN'T A LEGAL WAY.



NO, NO... I HAD NO SUCH THING.



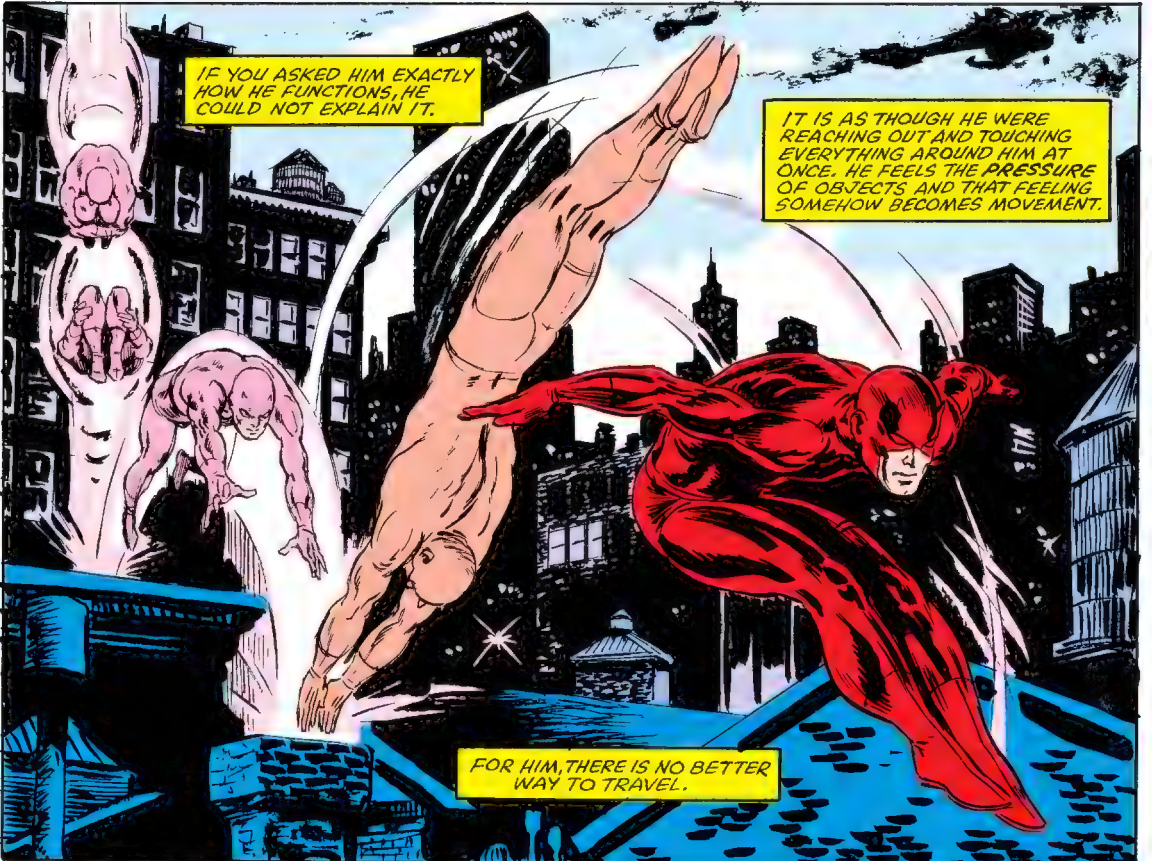
HIS HEART BEAT IS ERRATIC. HE'S LYING.



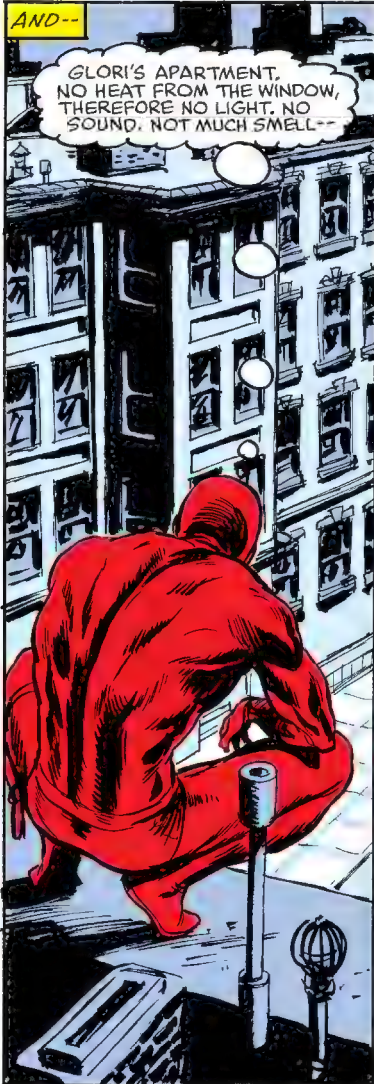
YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL THE TRUTH? FINE. I'LL LET THE COPS DISCUSS THE MATTER WITH YOU.

NO, NO..

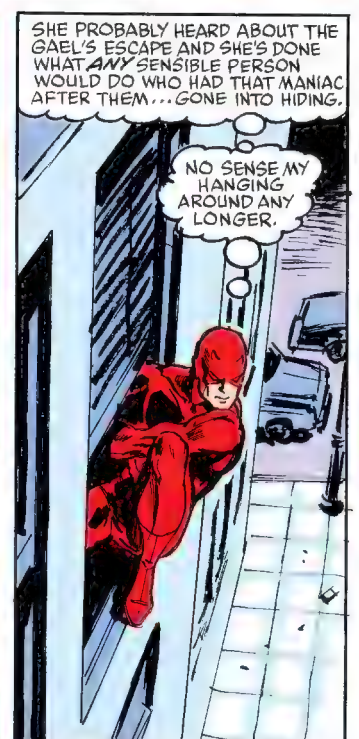
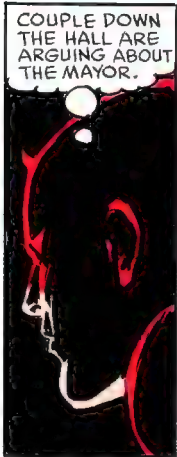




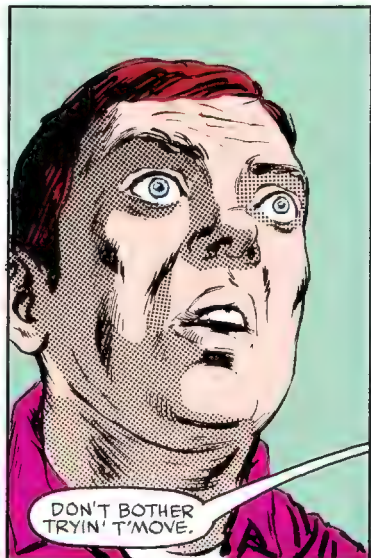
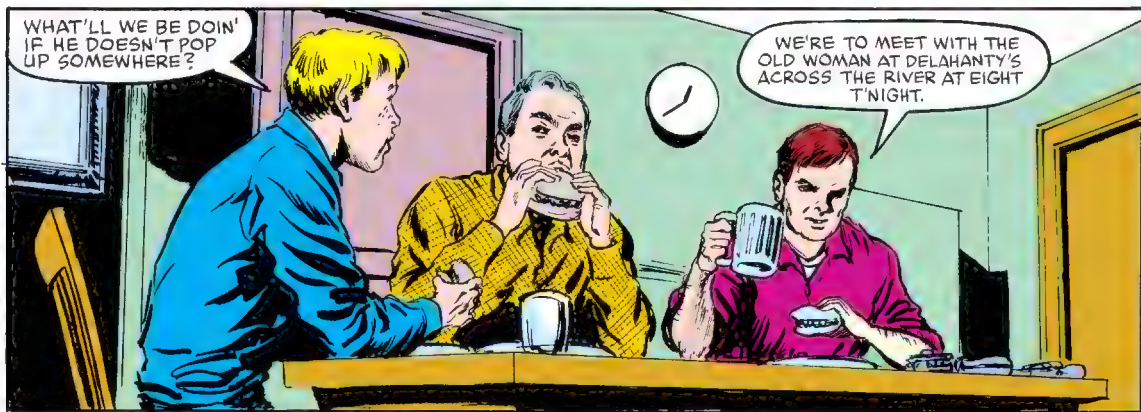
















YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO. I PUT SOMETHIN' IN THE FOOD-- A WEE DRAM A GENTLEMAN FROM PERU TAUGHT ME THE MIXIN' OF.

DOES INTERESTIN' THINGS TO A MAN'S CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.

YOU'RE ALL THREE WHERE YE ARE FOR LIFE--



--WHICH WON'T BE TERRIBLE LONG.

BEFORE YER SAD DEMISE, I'D BE THANKIN' YE FOR SAYIN' ABOUT THE OLD WOMAN OF BEARE BEIN' AT DELAHANTY'S.

I KNEW OF THE OLD WOMAN AN' HOW SHE MAKES TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY'S AGENTS IN AMERICA--



--BUT I HAD NO IDEA OF THE FINDIN' OF HER... TILL YOU SPOKE JUST THEN.

I WAS HIDIN' IN THE NEXT ROOM-- *HOPIN'* I'D OVERHEAR SOME USEFUL INFORMATION.

I KNEW OF THIS HOTEL AS AN IRA BASE FROM YEARS PAST, OF COURSE.



I'LL DEAL WITH THE OLD WOMAN AN' THE FAIR GLORIANNA O'BREEN AN' BE ON ME WAY TO PARTS UNKNOWN.

FIRST, THOUGH, THERE'S YE THREE, YE MAY HAVE THOUGHT THE POISON WOULD DO YE.

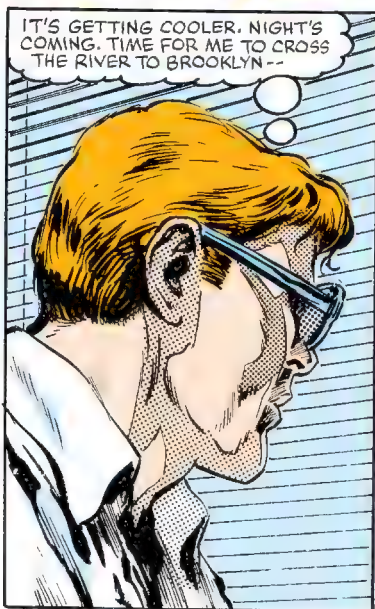
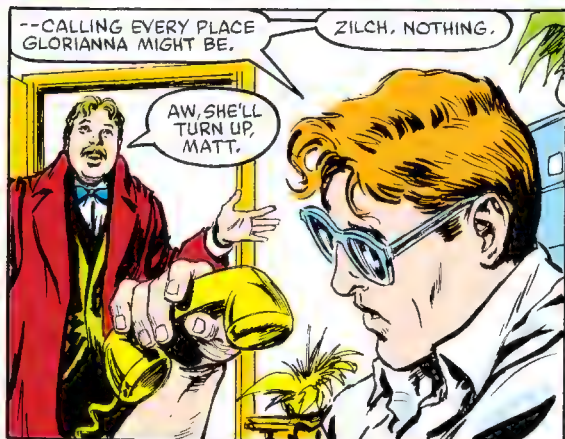
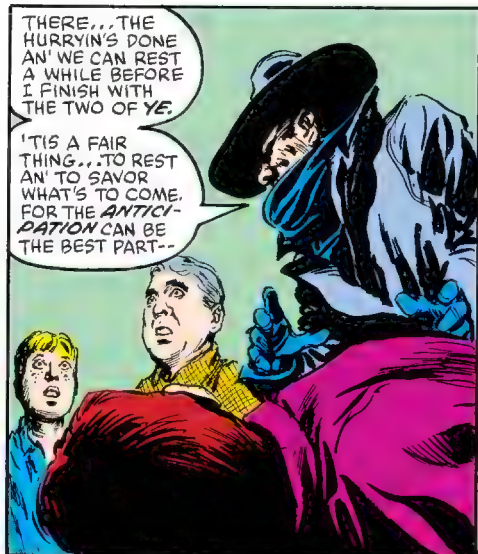


NO, NO... THAT PLEASURE IS FOR ME ALONE.



AH, THE PEACE OF IT... THE SWEET, SWEET PEACE OF IT...

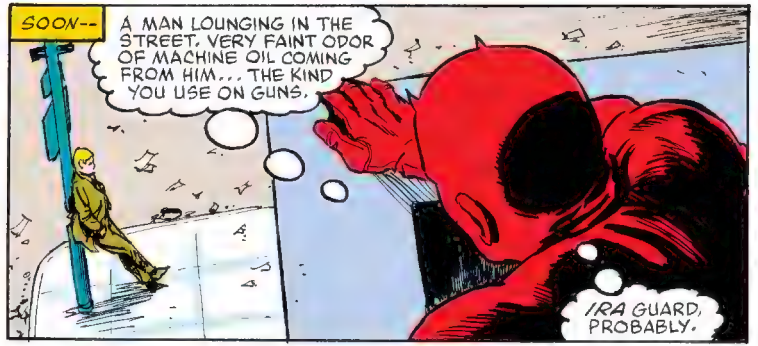








KEEP A SHARP  
EYE OUT. IF I'M  
NOT BACK BY NINE,  
COME IN AN' GET  
ME.



SOON--

A MAN LOUNGING IN THE  
STREET. VERY FAINT ODOR  
OF MACHINE OIL COMING  
FROM HIM... THE KIND  
YOU USE ON GUNS.

IRA GUARD,  
PROBABLY.



NO POINT  
IN BOTHERING  
HIM--



--WHEN I CAN ENTER  
THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT.

DELAHANTY'S... NOT QUITE A SKID ROW JOINT,  
AND NOT QUITE ANYTHING ELSE...

A PLACE WHERE THE SMOKE IS STALE,  
THE DRINK SOUR, THE LAUGHTER  
EDGED WITH DESPAIR...

IT IS QUIET, NOW--PERHAPS TOO QUIET...



